

gently.

VERMONT BOY'S COAST FOR LIFE.

Thrilling Story of Colonial Day Heroism That Saved Hero's Father's Life.

This boy was is years old in 1777, when General Burgoyne started from Canada for Albary, and his name was David Spafford. He lived with his father and mother and two little sisters on a tarin away up in the Green mountains of Vermont, where the winters are long and the snow sometimes lies four feet deep for weeks at a time.

Strength in guiding the bounding sleigh, and could not afford to look back for an instant.

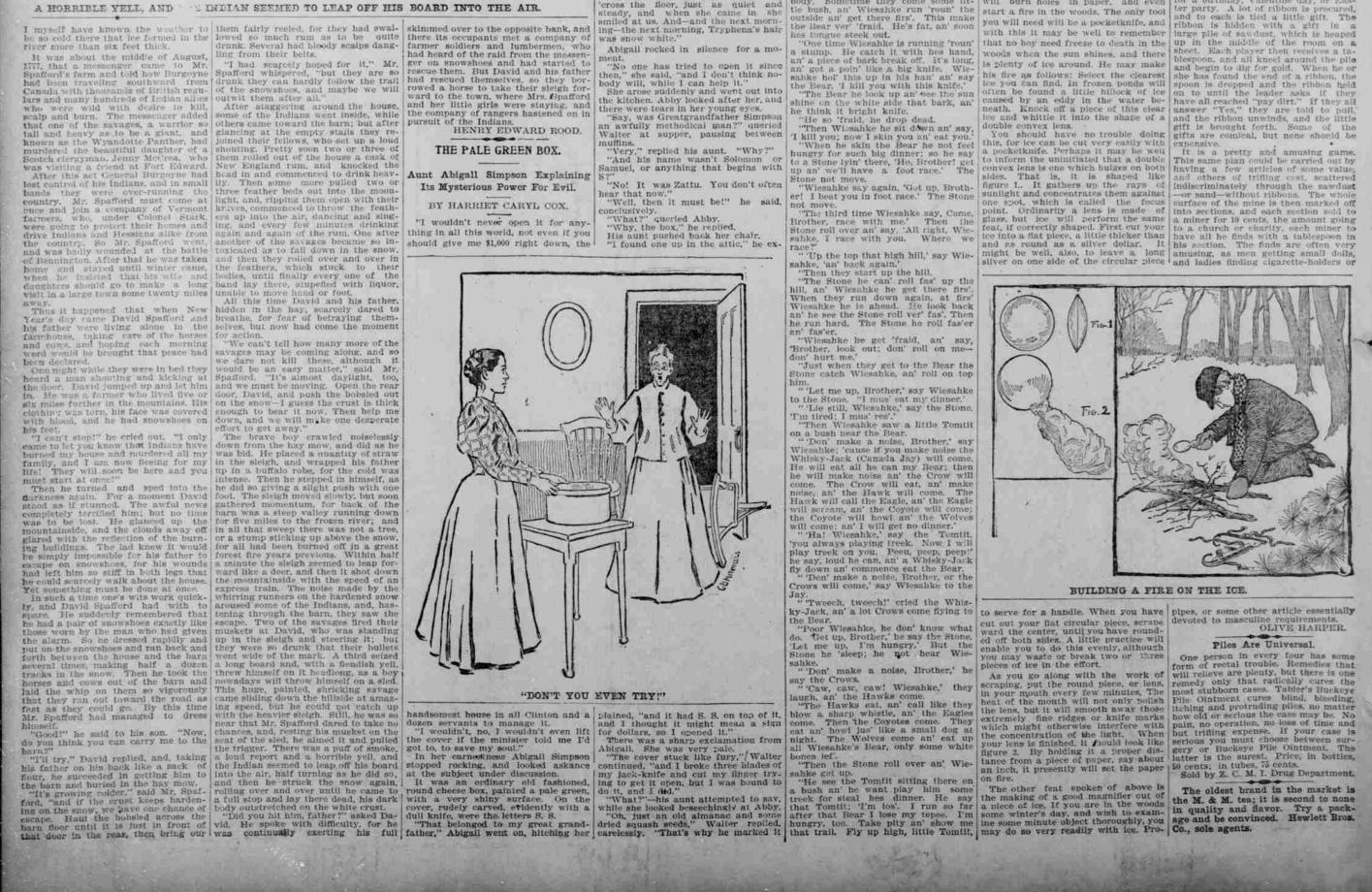
"Yes, and he's done for, my son." Then both were silent. On and on sped the sleigh down the mountainside, and to David the snow had a curious appearance. It seemed as if he were sitting still while the great white mass rushed by him uphili. But the cold, cutting wind in his face was so strong as to dispel this illusion. It almost took away his breath. One mile, two miles, three, four, five, they went, until the river was reached; and then came the most dangerous place of all, for the siegh leaped off the bank and fell a yard below to the ice. But it anded right side up, and by good luck there was a clear space of ice straight across where the wind had swept a broad path in the snow. In far less time than it takes to tell of it, the sleigh had



A HORRIBLE YELL, AND INDIAN SEEMED TO LEAP OFF HIS BOARD INTO THE AIR.

I myself have known the weather to be so cold there that lee formed in the lowed so much rum as to be quite there its occupants met a company of drunk. Several had bloody scalps dangling from their belts.

It was about the middle of August, "I had searcely hoped for it," Mr. green snowshoes and had started to "No



chair a little further away, "and it ain't never brought good luck to nobody, and don't nobody have the least idea whit's iff it, and they ain't never likely to, while I'm living."

Her niece viewed the box with fresh interest. "What do you suppose is in it?" she queried, with just a thrill of awe in her voice. Maybe it's empty."

"No—Uncle Gershom shook it once, and there was things inside that ratted. He thought it might be money, and he most opened it, but he didn't quite, you see. Nobody ever has."

"But why not?" persisted the young girl. "There can't be anything dreadful in it. There might be some rure old coins, or deeds, or something valuable. It's only a box. I should think you'd have Uncle Jason pry the cover open with a knife. The paint has stuck it fast." She gave the box a shake and tugged at the cover.

"Don't you ever try!" her aunt screamed, jumping from her chair with a vehemience that sent it over backward.

Then, as if ashamed of her emotion, she added more calmly. "Put it away, Abby, do. It can't do you no good, and I'll tell you why we don't never open it, any of us."

The girl arose obediently and taking the box returned in a tremor, as the young feet whoed over the thin boards of the attic floor, and came down the stairs.

She breathed a sigh of relief as the girl cuttered the room. "It gave me the

LEGEND FROM TEPEES OF THE bush

a Grizzly Bear, Ran a Race With a Stone and Scared a Little Tomtit. 'So, by-an'-bye, the Tomtit he not fraid, an' sit close to Wiesahke on the

BY W. A. FRASER.

"One time," began Baptiste, "Wiesahke was walkin' near Great Slave lake, when he came to a musker (swamp).

"Wiesahke was looking at that mus
"Wiesahke was looking at that mus
"Fraid, an' sit close to Wiesahke on the groun'.

"What that thing over there?" say Wiesahke vary, Wiesahke was, Wiesahke ban'.

"Now, Little Bird, I got you,' he say. You play treek on Wiesahke, eh! What I do make you suffer? If I pluck your feathers all out that not 'nough."

WITH NATIONAL SPIRIT.

WIE-SAH-KE AND THE BEAR



ing—the next morning. Tryphena's har was snow white; was snow white.

Abigail rocked in silence for a moment.

Abigail

S. S., you see-squash seeds. I took an' see by tepes, then show me the ceed as when you made your lens, only the box and dumped the seeds on the trail.' an' see by topee, then show me the trail.

"I' fraid you play me some treek Wiesahke,' say Tomtit.

"Don' be 'fraid, Little Bird. I not hurt you.' say Wiesahke.

"So the Tomtit he go for guide Wiesahke on the trail. He keep flying 'head Wiesahke so he can' catch him. 'By-an'-bye Wiesahke say, 'Come. Little Bird,' I'm tired—let's spell it,' that mean res' a little. So they set down for a res'.

"Don' be 'fraid, Little Bird,' say Wiesahke; for the Tomtit he sit up on bush.

"Then they travel again.

"Now, we'll spell again,' say Wiesahke, pretty soon. 'Come, sit close to me, Little Bird, I am ionesome,' say Wiesahke. 'Don' be 'fraid—I won hurt you.'

"So, by-an'-bye, the Tomtit he not bears of trees, dead leaves and bark, sountry cousin, and he may do it in summer time, if aced be, with the help of the commodity which the ice man leaves at the door every day.

Miser's Grab-bag, Gathering Potatoes and a New Version of the Popular Klondike.

To play this amusing game requires a basket of potatoes, some large and some small, just as one might expect to find them. They are then laid in a line about a foot apart across the floor. One person at a time kneels and walks along on his or her knees, and tries with a teaspoon to gather up the potatoes again and put them in the basket. This is far more difficult than it appears, and often the most ludicrous accidents arrive. The others follow in turn, and a timekeeper has kept account of the length of time each has spent trying to pick up the potatoes.

